

A
S O N G.

H*E's* gone the bright way that his honour
directs him,
Oh all ye kind powers let me beg you protect
him.

He's gone my Dear — and left me here mourning;
B*ut* hang these dull thoughts, I'll fancy him return-
ing.

Returning, I'll think the great *Hero* Victorious,
With joy to my Arms as faithful as Glorious.

Against his bright Eyes, I am sure there's no standing;
He looks like a God, and moves as Commanding.

With a Face so Angelick the Foe will be charmed
The Conquest were his tho he met'em disarm'd.

They

They could not (*be sure*) of a rational nature,
That wou'd not relent at so moving a feature.
Venus disguis'd he'el be thought by his Beauty ;
And spar'd from the sense of a *generous Duty*.
Yet when I reflect on the Wounded and Dying,
In spite of my Courage it sets me a fighting.
But the *resolute brave* no danger can stay him,
Tho' I us'd all my Charms and Arts to delay him.
Yet oh ye kind powers you are bound to protect him,
Since he'es gone the bright way that Glory directs him.
